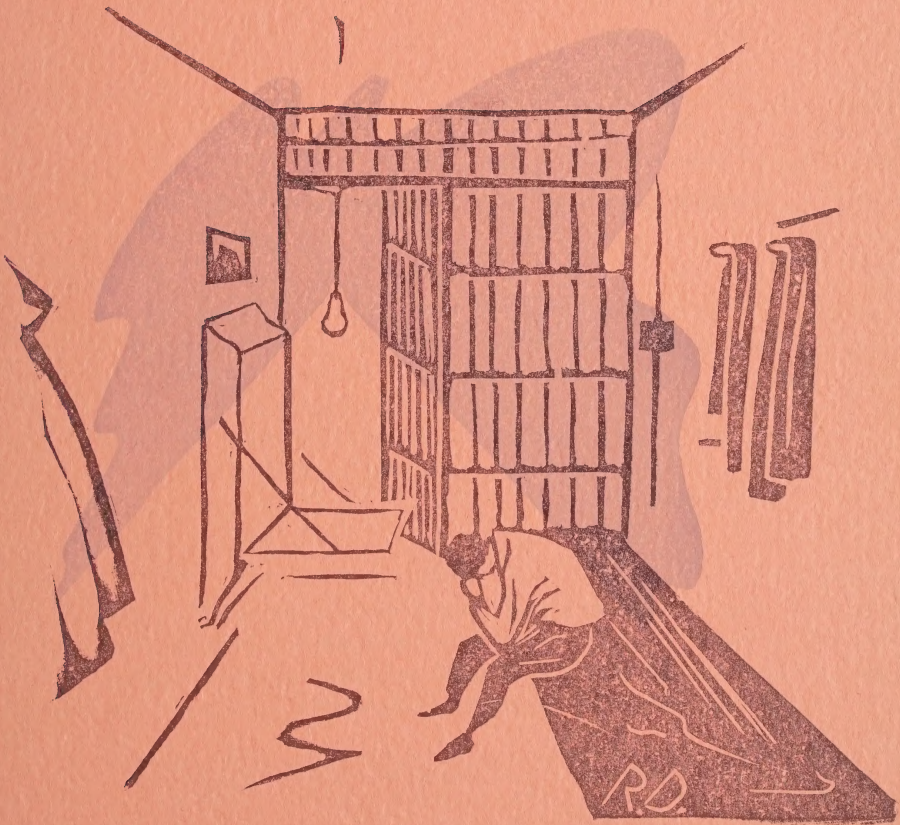


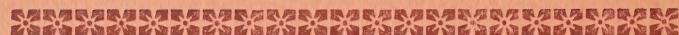
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MOUNTAIN ECHOES



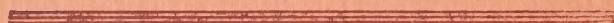
Volume 10 Oct. & Nov. 1960 Number 2 & 3

ADMINISTRATION



C.E. DesRosiers	Warden
J. Wickey	Deputy Warden
A.E. Steele	Chief Keeper

CENSUS



Sept. 29 — Nov. 1

High number	8156
Low number	4739
Received	17
Discharged	16
Paroles	4
Population	391



MOUNTAIN ECHOES is published by the inmates of the Manitoba Penitentiary with the kind permission of A. J. MacLeod, Commissioner of Penitentiaries. It is designed to provide inmates with an opportunity for self-expression and a medium for discussion of public problems, and in the interest of promoting useful thought and action within the institution.



No articles of a scurrilous or defamatory nature or in any way detrimental to the administration of justice will be published. The views expressed herein are not necessarily those of the administration or editorial staff.





Mountain Echoes



Volume 10

Oct. & Nov. 1960

No. 2&3

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Contents	1
Happy Warrior	2
Editorial	3
Juvenile Delinquency	J. Wannop 4
Inside Chatter	L-3I4 6
What Price	"Richie" Richardson 7
'Neath The Spreading Atrophy	8
Handbook for Revolutionists	9
The Prince & The Pauper	Cece Allen 10
It Seems to Me	"Richie" Richardson 12
Emphasis on Education	B. Horan 14
From under Brown's Derby	John the "Square" 16
Dear Editor	Slipshod Sam 18
Penal Press	19
Happy Medium	20
Sports	"Rocky" Danton 22

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The Happy Warrior

His wild heart beats with painful sobs,
His strained hands clench an ice-cold rifle,
His aching jaws grip a hot parched tongue,
And his wide eyes search unconsciously.

He cannot shriek.
Bloody saliva
Dribbles down his shapeless jacket.

I saw him stab
And stab again
A well-killed Boche.

This is the happy warrior,
This is he . . .

—Herbert Read



EDITORIAL



If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools...

from IF by Kipling

We're willing to accept that the mills of the gods grind slowly, but until just recently they've been grinding in a steady circle, and rehashing the same old chaff. But now, hard as it is to believe, it is just possible that the creaking machinery of Ottawa is in forward motion.

During the past three years, three *ifs* have achieved substance — a pre-release program, medium security prisons, and a national parole board; although these are not yet models of perfection, they have served to overcome inertia. Now, *if* the recently announced improvements in correspondence and visiting, recreation, vocational and academic training, and inmate pay actually take place, we will gladly admit *it's progress!* We repeat, *if*.

One not so insignificant thing should be borne in mind. Under ideal circumstances, there should be a place in this program for everyone in prison. However, since ideal circumstances do not exist in the free world, it is absurd to look for them in prison. It is not absurd to try for perfection, *just* to expect it. So if you don't try don't cry.

juvenile delinquency - its growth

At the beginning of the 20th Century, the words **juvenile delinquency** had no real meaning because the youth of the time had a place to play and many things to take up his time and energy. There were **parks**, where the young and old alike could hear the **music** of the town bands, and various **amusements** and **play areas** in which the family, as a group, could and did participate in activities, also such things as tree-houses, marbles, vacant lots and empty houses to plague the youthful imagination.

the war and jazz

When this century was still in its teens, there came upon this peaceful scene a war — this war taught the youth, through adult leadership, hatred of others because of racial origin and difference of speech. Controversy sprang up in many issues which led to our youth fighting with foreigners. Later came the great bust, the Hungry Thirties with its idols of notorious gangsters. Persons such as **Al Capone** were respected by the Adults and through this respect the youth made him and his contemporaries idols after which they patterned themselves. At this time the music was like primitive African music modernized to the taste of the fast moving society and was known as Jazz. The youth took to Jazz like ducks to water for it gave them something which made them feel elated and was an uplifting effect to their pugnacious feelings.

a faster tempo

Another war came, and another form of idol. The suave gangster with his apparent honesty and cloak of respectability personified by the so called **Mafia**. The music was Jive. A faster tempoed form of Jazz which became engrained in the youth who liked to live as fast as the music that quickened their blood. Juvenile delinquency grew in leaps and bounds. Gangs were formed — as always — but they renounced their fists for zip guns, rocks, chains and switch blades. Reformatories expanded into greater institutions and for the first time the public showed alarm.

rock, roll, and rumble

In our present age we still have the suave gangster, but he is not the dominant idol of the youth as he had been. Now, the idols are characters portrayed by **Marlon Brando, Jimmy Dean, et al.** The music of this age is moronic hypertonic music called *Rock and Roll*, sung by frenzied fugitives from a psychoanalyst's couch. With this music came gang rumbles, or vice versa. These rumbles, as in the past decade, saw a change of weapons — real pistols replaced zip guns and cut-down dynamite sticks superseded rocks. Now, instead of just hurting enemy gang members, the trend is to general mayhem and *actual* murder.

A further product of this age is the **beatnik**, who sprang up in the last two years. These dissembled individuals take the attitude that life is but a mis-carriage of justice. The life they seek is in the utopian cause of self-forgetting, illusionary effects of marijuana, and the slow monotonic music of the bongos and drums which are pure African in origin.

Through the last sixty years, the youth has slowly gone from highly imaginative, *impish* individuals, to what they now are — highly imaginative *neurotic* individuals. This growth can be traced by the **increasing beat** of the **music**. The argument, whether the music created the youth or the youth created the music, is indeterminable; but the frenzied beat of the meter marches step by step with the gradual increase of delinquency.

vicious reincarnation

How can we stop this snowballing juvenile delinquency? Not by bringing pressure on the youth, for we know they will rebel just as we did in our youth. Psychology? Maybe that is the answer. I don't pretend to know, but it seems to me that the youth are told to get out of the parents' way and find their own amusements — they look around within the canyons of structural steel, glass, brick and concrete — they find no amusement there. Gradually, gangs form, and through these they attempt to prove their valour to themselves and their friends. In some cases these gangs could be likened to a passive, college fraternity. In rare cases they become the vicious reincarnations of Prohibition gangsters after a pattern set by their misguided *leaders*.

If I may venture a partial solution, it would be this: Put the family back into the center of the youth's interest; strengthen the family ties. Do not be domineering in helping to shape their lives. Above all, parents should set a **proper example** for the youth, instead of digressing with, "*Do as I say and not as I do!*"

INSIDE CHATTER



The holleringest bird in the world once lived on a Pacific atoll. In the course of his warm-ups, he had hollered to the next island, the mainland and halfway around the world. Then, one day when he felt at the peak of his power, he hollered all the way around the world. As he strutted and preened himself in great satisfaction, a small worm stuck his head out of the ground and asked, "but what did you say?"

We have taken the *concessions* granted by the Justice Minister recently at Kingston, multiplied them by necessity, divided by experience, subtracted the journalism from the reporting and now we are prepared to reply to the worm's question. "He didn't really say anything."

Due to six paragraphs of improvements in a "new, progressive penal policy", you may now write all the letters you like, with your present correspondents, (you know, *your immediate family*.) "what Justice Minister Fulton describes as a great new event in the history of our country." —Cor blimey! staring history right in the mush and we thought it was just a handful of worms.

OF MICE & MEN: Recently, an irate inmate introduced a new clause to his two-year lease. Briefly, "No Boarders!" One evening it seems, a belligerent rodent tried to take up residence in his 4 by 8 domicile and the discovery scared the Holy Hannah out of him. Evidently he wasn't too enthused about taking on boarders—particularly when the prospective tenant happened to be a king-sized edition of Mickey Mouse. Shaken, the indignant landlord managed to summon the remnants of his fast-fading courage to evict the transgressor. And that was that... Later, he was given a sedative to calm his nerves but from all reports, an immediate *laundry change* would have been more appropriate.

INSIDE GLIMPSES: **Jack McKay**, I understand, has an aversion for sausage; wonder if that applies to S. African soup-bones?.. **Richie Richardson**, Stony's perennial teen-ager & storekeeper deluxe, sportin' a spankin' new set of molars... **Jack Chisholm**, no longer afflicted by laryngitis... **Chicago**, sportin' a mean tan... Ye old Editor, stackin' up on weed since he hocked his 'uppers'... **Fat Sam**, after 17 long one's (paroled); lotsa luck **Sammy**, from all of us... Beats us 'why' Councilman **Hashka** bugs the Echoes staff for a copy each month, everyone knows reading isn't one of his accomplishments... **Stan Nash**, local boer war veteran still a devout fan of the Cisco Kid... Ditto **Stewart**... **Al Phillips** swears **Hugh Long** has a parrot in his cell; **Paul Severight** disagrees, says it's a mirror... **Christy Brown** has one ambition—to knock off a bit on Palace Road, er... time that is... Youngster **Rollie Evans** spikin' 'em with the best on the volley ball court... Ditto **Ken Bevan**... One of these days **Sabrina** is gonna sit behind me in the auditorium 'stead of in front and I'll be able to enjoy a real drama for a change...

WHAT

PRICE?



Richie Richardson

A few short months ago, the whole world took up the cry, *abolish the death penalty!* The case of convicted kidnapper Caryl Chessman was on the front pages of the world press. Chessman had been fighting his moribund struggle for twelve years, when abruptly, on May 2, 1960 with a smile on his lips, he ended the greatest legal fight for life in history, by taking a deep breath of potassium cyanide.

Although Chessman's execution had no direct bearing on Canada, we echoed the clamor against the State of California and the death penalty. Now, some six months later, when the citizens of Canada could do something towards the abolishment of capital punishment, we sit back, and do exactly nothing. How short the memories of men. . . .

In the mid 1950's, taking a skeleton from our own closet, a Canadian, Wilbur Coffin, was convicted and hung solely on circumstantial evidence. His condemnation was unattended by the journalistic ballyhoo common to the cause of the late Caryl Chessman; Coffin being a prospector, of little knowledge and less money. Although the specter of doubt still plagues us, alas, Wilbur himself does not. On this basis, I contend, in some cases, legal execution can be *at least* as vicious as the original crime. And especially in those instances when poverty and ignorance are litigants.

What forfeit would you, personally, demand of Cain? Strangulation at the end of a rope? Or, would you avenge Abel with a steel and concrete cage? Which *second* Wrong would you commit to achieve a Right? While you are pondering, here's food for thought: statistics show that paroled murderers have a lower recidivist rate than any other type of criminal.

The countries of Scandanavia have demonstated to the point of proof that the death penalty is not a necessity. Various of the United States have also affirmed this, and all of the States have at least qualified the degree of guilt e.g., first degree murder, second degree murder, third degree murder. Is it reasonable for *us* to expect due process of law when the laws, we ourselves have made, deny it? Fortunately, our country is a young one, and there is yet time to fulfill the glaring deficiencies.

What price will Canada demand of Cain?



Red Writing Hood: Once upon a time, there was a judge in Winnipeg, who thought an indeterminate sentence meant **life**.

Olympic Record: Greece was the first country to legalize bail-bonds, 2300 years ago. Canada still hasn't qualified for this event.

Side by Sidelines: England **has closed** 30 (count 'em) prisons in 35 years and reduced the number of prisoners from 152,000 to 47,000 . . . Joyceville Prison recently **was opened** in Ontario.

Just re: Ward: The late great Charles Ward, Leavenworth alumnus, made millions of dollars employing such as you and I. Left this valedictory—Understand this. I have no faith in convicts **as convicts**. I do have faith in **people**. — There is only one thing the matter with cons, — they come from the **outside**."

Sorry, No Marine Insurance: A Soviet intelligence officer got the *vaya con dios* from Spain a few days ago. His body was found floating in the sea just off Prudential's famed trade-mark, the Rock of Gibraltar.

Half-Baked Marconi: Here's what the dictionary has to say about the **hard sell** we have been getting from the National *Brandcasting* Systems — hard: unfeeling; having no pity. Then the *verterbuch* throws us for a loss with — *not easily pierced*. Man, like it's **too piercing**.

Girlniks: Gelhorn Mtrs. and National Mtrs. had Adeleka and Joyceka in orbit on their flagpoles for a couple of weeks. Just one word in the local press? **Nyet!** Is opposite extreme with comrade radio announcer. . . For two weeks am having **vertigo**.

Oddministration: Minister of Agriculture, Haskell (from Alberta) directed the National Parole Board to see that McCorquedale remains in prison for life. I understand the Department of Justice may investigate **soil erosion** in the Western Provinces.

Highwhining War Chant: As the sun pulls away from the shore and our boat sinks slowly in the West, the natives can be heard chanting in the background, "*Turntheradioup*" — Everyone enjoys the Vince Marrese Show! (adv.)



Handbook for Revolutionists

In the past two centuries insurrection has become a household word. For the most part, in international politics, but occasionally on the home front. It is seldom that the neutral reader can determine which side is in the right, and almost never does he get a true picture of the action. This sad state can be attributed to the cryptic phrases and ambiguous cliches employed by mediocre journalists. It's getting so you can't tell a *police action* from a regulation war, so, in the interest of our profession, we offer the following translations and definitions.

COLONEL MOBUTU - Patrice Lumumba

PATRICE LAMUMBA - Nikita Krushchev

NIKITA KRUSCHEV - Mao Tse Tung

INNOCENT BYSTANDER - Smart ringleader

FIDEL CASTRO - Fulgencio Batista

COMMUNIST DEMONSTRATION - Spectators leaving soccer field

UNARMED GUARDS - Machine guns, rifles, pistols, but no air support

KOREAN WAR - Police action

EVERYTHING IS A SHAMBLES - A window is broken

JACQUES - Good citizens who temporarily lost their heads

ISSUED AGRARIAN REFORMS - Collectivized farms

SPONTANEOUS DISTURBANCE - It dates back to the Magna Carta

REINFORCEMENTS - Triggerhappy goons

DAS KAPITAL - German imperialism

HEROICALLY STOOD THEIR GROUND - They couldn't figure out what was happening

LIBERATED THE COUNTRY - Became dictator

BRANDISHING KNIVES AND CLUBS - Unarmed

LARGE GROUP OF TROUBLEMAKERS - Two

SMALL GROUP OF TROUBLEMAKERS - One

ROYALISTS - Good citizens who permanently lost their heads

RINGLEADER - Dead bystander

STATE DEPARTMENT OFFICIAL - Yankee imperialist

RESTORED ORDER - Called for reinforcements

PUNISHED THE OFFENDERS - Declared martial law

EVERYTHING UNDER CONTROL - Still can't figure out what's happening

SEIZED FOREIGN CAPITAL - Bankrupted the country

U. N. OBSERVER - British imperialist

POLICE ACTION - Korean War

THE PRINCE

AND

THE PAUPER

Cece Allen

On a far and distant planet,
Light years, away from Earth,
There is a parallel culture,
That affects each child at birth.

They hail a new born Prince,
Swathed in satin and lace,
First in line to the throne,
A pride to any great race.

Doctors and servants are busy,
Millions pray to the Lord,
As golden scissors are used,
To snip the umbilical cord.

A blessed gift from Heaven,
A mother's pride and joy,
Nothing can bring more happiness,
Than a bouncing baby boy.

The blessed event is over,
Banners can now be unfurled,
The Prince and his mother are resting,
This news is received by the world.

Outside of the Royal Palace,
Behind the village square,
A prostitute lay in the gutter,
Her child will be born there.



All alone, cold, and hungry,
She begins to cough and sneeze,
Something to cover her baby,
So her new born child will not freeze.

A newsprint, fluttering to the ground,
She grabs it with a trembling hand,
And gazes at the screaming headlines,
Of joy throughout the land.

The prostitute, screamed in pain,
She begins to whimper and cry,
God! Oh God, please help me,
I know I'm going to die.

A policeman found their bodies,
That had lain there ever since,
The child was wrapped in the paper,
That headlined the birth of a prince.

Each has a definite birthright,
Tho' not born in the same place,
One is born in the gutter,
And the other in satin and lace.

Thank God this parallel culture,
Is light years away from Earth,
There should be no social status,
Each child is the same at birth.

The Queen has her child in luxury,
The prostitute has her's where she fell,
Will God take the Prince into Heaven,
And condemn the pauper to hell?





"It Seems To Me...."

Richie Richardson

....that during the good old month of October, I came up with another one of these Birthdays, and contrary to any malicious rumors that may have been going around, I was 81 on it.

....that our own Big Tony is a cleaned up version of Burl Ives in the flick "Big Country."

....that it sure raised a stir when the word got out that a few of the athletes in the Olympics had been doped. That was a real crazy way to win a bicycle race. Now if they'd given some of those stimulants to the horses at Assiniboia Downs, I would be solvent.

....that if I was boss man of the United Nations troops, and the country we were supposed to be defending could think of no better sport than whaling the tar out of my men, I would be inclined to say "To H..." with that country and come back home where nearly everybody is in his right mind.

....that it may be a bit late in the season for football predictions, but seeing as how I like to hedge my bets I figured I should wait. So for what it is worth; the Bombers in the West and Ottawa in the East. The Grey Cup Champs? Why the good old Blue Machine from the Peg, who else.

....that I for one know that in this football season one of the top minds in the game here never got to coach a team. This graying Bud Grant is none other than "Pop the Grey Fox" who proudly calls the Lakehead home.

...that I just noticed that for some unforeseen reason Night Exercise ended quite suddenly this year. Oh well, I wasn't getting the proper rest anyway, a growing lad needs all the sleep he can get you know.

....that my old buddy "Hank the Barber" gave up his barbering tools and is now one of the top sheet folders in the joint.

....that the hockey season's almost here, and I haven't even a stick. HELP!

....that with the feminine addition to the parole board, us fellows may have a better chance to make a parole. My good wife has always said that you can't run anything without a woman at the helm. I won't bother voicing an opinion one way or another, as I am getting short and don't feel like starting a battle royal.

....that I see "Harry the Horse" back from down below after 21 of the best. Good for the figure, whot say? Sir 'arry.

....that I was noticing Rocky Danton walking around on his heels lately. I wonder if it was his cell change to Siberia, or his dream team in football that turned into a nightmare.

....that you ain't lived until you've seen Ed (Senator) Hashka going about his job. Man, this Big Ed is the very end when it comes to politicin'.

....that if 10 baggers go as fast in Russia as this Francis Powers seems to think they do, a guy would be better off doing a sawbuck there, than a duece here. This kitty hasn't even got the edges worn off his ten year sentence, and he is talking about going home already! Around these parts, it takes 7 years 7 months and some odd days to knock out one.

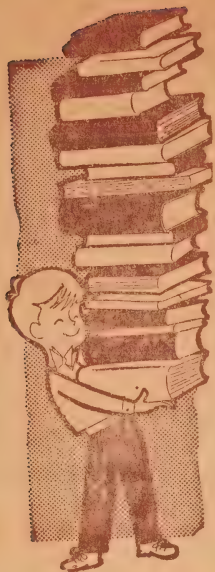
....that I hear Robert the Boy Scientist, is trying to put together a satellite that he can get to the moon in. Like, Maltz old boy, if this comes off, save me a seat, eh?

....that I was wondering how that little old year bit is coming along? What say Richie? How about more than the present letter every couple of months? I would kind of like to know what is shaking in the roaring old city..

....that my old pard. and fellow book fan, Sarge, is on his way home. I'm real broke up, because no one but Sarge can pick the losers in each and every race. Maybe he will have better luck with the gendarmes then he had with the ponies.

....that I have less than a year to go, and how do you like that?

....that I haven't been hearing too much lately about Nikita going to any more of those little ole hot parties. I guess maybe his wife has him under control; so if Nina can hold him under wraps for another month, or better still another year, we'll be around at Xmas. So until next month, Bye B.....



EMPHASIS ON EDUCATION

Bob Horan

Many elaborate schemes for better serving justice have been proposed over the past few years. The government is trying to convince the public that it is wasteful to have prisons filled to capacity and offers as a solution, education to those in prison.

The new policy is to teach criminals something useful, hoping this new knowledge will help them upon their release. If it works, and it does, everyone profits. The taxpayer because he no longer has to pay for the mans upkeep, and the individual because he is able to retain his precious freedom.

Nothing, save the firing squad, will eliminate recidivism completely. However, that there are fewer repeaters under the new system has been proven. They still come back, but the biggest percentage are those who haven't reaped the benefits of the newer policy.

Although a few changes can be seen here at Stony, (ie: the Motor Mechanic Course) the new system hasn't swept us off our feet. Many disillusioned newcomers grumble, "The magistrate said he was sending me here to learn a trade. I'm working at the quarry. Some trade!" They are disappointed and rightly so.

The reason trade training hasn't been too extensive here on the hill has been blamed on the lack of facilities and that must be conceded. In order to effect the program proposed, both equipment and facilities are necessary. That proves very costly and it wouldn't be realistic to expect an overnight change. However, I hasten to add that more could be made of present facilities. Our school system is just one example.

I feel the most important part of the new system is school. In this modern world a grade six education is inadequate, yet the average education of men in prison is grade six. It is imperative therefore, that a great deal of emphasis be placed on schooling. It is the very foundation.

At present there are about 85 of our 400 men attending school. Each student is present at two classes a week for a total of five hours. Due to other commitments the teachers aren't available for afternoon classes. Five hours a week is sorely inadequate for even the brightest men to further their education to any degree.

I was snooping through the classroom one morning and discovered an old register dating back to the late nineteenth century. In those days the students were attending classes five days a week. So, if anything, the educational facilities are getting worse.

If a man really wants to increase his education, he has from 4:30 until 10:00 P.M. for studying. However, if he runs up against something he can't understand he is compelled to put it aside until he can have it explained to him.

Sometimes it is difficult to get an audience with the teacher, especially when the problem involves considerable amount of time. The teacher tries to find time but he's just too busy to devote too much.

This problem can become very discouraging and has caused more than one man to quit his course. I was enthused over a course at one time and gave it up for just that reason. Men trying to educate themselves need incentive and the present system can be very discouraging, even to the most sincere.

As a solution to the present problems, I'd suggest night school. Those wishing to better their education could attend classes on their own time. This way, their jobs in the institution wouldn't be neglected in any way.

The students could be split into two groups and attend classes every second night. On ranges B-5 and B-6 there is ample floor space for study rooms. On the off nights, those who are having difficulty could go there for assistance. They could work their problems out together making the whole thing more interesting. I don't think it would be too hard to get a few of the better educated inmates to offer assistance to those having difficulties. That would take some of the weight off the teachers shoulders.

It wouldn't be hard to weed out those who aren't sincere. Periodic examinations would be helpful in deciding who is making progress. Those who aren't giving an honest effort would forfeit the privilage.

All that is required to affect such a plan is a little cooperation from both the inmates and the staff, and of course, the authority from the powers that be.



All truly wise thoughts have been thought already
and thousands of times. To make them truly ours,
we must think them over again honestly, till they take
root in our personal experience.

—Goethe

FROM UNDER BROWN'S DERBY!

John the Square

The rumor that Huey Long finally found a buyer for his like-new Corvair is completely unfounded. It is suspected that the rumor was started by Jaakan Zurishadai, who is trying to buy the car at a reduced price.

Among other things, 1960 will be remembered in here as the year nobody paid off. The racing-season was in it's last week when the "THING" happened. Many bettors 'n bookies found themselves in "Deep Freeze" 'n seeing as bets couldn't be collected, or paid off until the meet had been completed, few people collected: 'n to date there are still some unhappy gamblers around. Ah, but guess who hit the bookies for a carton of weed in the first half of the meet, 'n anticipating deafugaltee's in collection, (although not of such drastic proportion) collected 'n retired? Hee Haw! I don't know very much, but what little I do know, I know real good.

Xmas is fast approaching, 'n you mountaineers who haven't thought about it had better lay in that Xmas bag fin. At least this Xmas, nobody can sell me their bag, 'n then go to the Bay on me.

Dig this! The Earl of Warwick (The Olympic Room Kid) has challenged The Duke of Spadina (The Silver Dollar Bum) to a duel. They're going to start at the front door of 1155, 'n chew their way right on out the back door, 'n first out will be the winner. Looks to me they'll both be winners. I wonder if they'll let me 'n Sir Harry the Horse join them?

One for the books is a cat named, Jarvis Dundas. *He says* he's from Humboldt Saskatchewan, 'n swears he ain't never been east of Transcona. His father's name *he says*, is — George. I think he's putting me on, 'n if this kitty wasn't born 'n raised in Cabbagetown, I'll eat every flower in Allan Gardens.

Don't let anyone snow you. The greatest comfort in time of trial, is acquittal.
And a-w-a-y we go !

GREETINGS & SALUTATIONS:

WEST: To STUFFVILLE.

Jimmy 'n George, 'n Rosie 'n Margo.

To WESTMINISTER.

Kenny Moore there yet? To Jim Cherney, you're lookin' good; and is J.J. there? from Ed. Hashka. To Mortis Coffin of the Transition. Man you're not only "way out," you're out of sight! I couldn't pick up on your sounds for July/Aug.

FLATS: To P.A.

Dizzy Hunt, bring your skates 'n come down; from Bobby Talbot.

To Joe Sarah Houle, 'n I'm tellin' Ed Guiler where you're at.

STICKS:

To the swingin' 18 out at Ninette; Randi Villiers & crew, from us 5.

DUSTBOWL: (WPG.)

To Marg Rassmussen, from Kenny Ducharme, who digs you no end.
To Betty, my favorite telephone operator. Jimmy & Grandma, Paul Brown, 'n wha-hoppen to the trolley Jim? Hot rod'n huh? To Pete & Jo-Jo, 'n a very special thanx to Eddy Blackman for the Ebony sub: now all I need is Jet; you still with me, Ricky Henderson? To Skinny Lou, from u-no-hoo. To The Gunner, 'n ClayDean 'bet \$20' Lewis. To Agnes H., from Gerry, who sends his very best.

EAST: To-TORONTO.

To Mom, Liz, Billy 'n Ernard, from Bobby Horan. Love to Carole, 'n like where wuz-you Doll? Mazeltov to Joy & Cy, on their latest addition to the family.

To 22 Palace Rd.

To Lorraine Dick, from Bobby Horan, 'n he asks if you remember him? 'n a hi from me too, Lorraine. Lil Richard, Lena T. thanx for the kawfee. 'n Dottie, I meant the bit, Doll; (smile.) Hi to Dodie Reynolds, from the celery kid of '58; 'n a happy hello from Rocky Danton who wishes he could write, but sends ya the Ekkies instead. To Schoolmarm Hudson, from the bicycle thief. To Kathy: Your title "Petticoat Palace" 'Insane!!' I dig it. Our dream of the year would be to get inside 22 Palace Rd., *without* Miss Burke seeing us.

To K.P.

To Midge Pallister 'n Gus Constantine, from Louis Male 'n Brownly. Sir Harry the Horse, sends his best to Billy McIssac. To Sawbuck Lou; Are we swingin' Man? To Pug, 'n Lana said: "*Why Puggy! You haven't changed a bit!!!*" To Fred Moore, Dinty Moore, Chuck ('n I hope he ain't *still* there!) Cross, Donny Cuthbertson, Dave the Monster Bradd, Dean FLICK Pelton, from Rocky "handsome" Danton, 'n me, & a hey to Al Young too, Benny Bannoch, Jim Law. Bobby Titchner, The Bros. T., Bobby, & Poo Poo, Red McKillop, Andy 'n Herbie 'n you guys must have known something, because times sure have changed! Al Corrie, Big Eddy Guiler 'n take a boo at where Joe Houle is., 'n a hey from Loueey Male, Ed. Luke Baxter, Leo Servant, Tommy Toy Jones, Kaintuk Edwards, Al Pigeon, Jack Parks, Lee Elliot, 'n Bass Bastine.

To JOYCEVILLE

So that's where Bobby Cox is hiding! Hi to Jimmy Bailey, & Gerry (Man is that coffee ever HOT!) Parr from me. To Joe Mattola from Tex Riley.

COLLINS BAY

Congrats to Dino Kannary, 'n don't violate it boy. Hope you cop one too Olsen; from Bobby Horan.

To D.P.

John J. Casey, from Shotgun.

DEAR EDITOR;



Clankity . . . BANG! . . . sh-h-h-h-BOOM! . . . bing . . . CR-r-r-RASH! . . . Bar-roomph . . . SH-h-h-h-BANG! !! It's THREE O'clock in the mornin' an' here I'm layin' three feet 'bove this here bed atryin' to figure what nice considurate hack wants to make us convicted fellas warm an' decided to turn on our MODERN heatin' contrapshun at this time. An' ya know what? Somebuddy thet likes this here noise is ahollerin'!: "Go ahead, ring the bell too!" Guess he means thet church bell they uses to wake us up with, huh? Surprisin' how many convicted fellas are awake at this time. I can hear all kinds of them ahollerin' "nice guards, Buddies, Pallys, Friends," an' other such things. Oh well, it takes all kinds, don't it. Hurry up '61 fer gawsh awful sakes Hurry Up!

Oh yeh! Mr. Editor, I'm back agin. I wuz on holidays ya know! Anyhow the honeymoon is all over an' I'm back at the ol' grine agin.

Right off, I want to tell somebuddy to put thet there axe away, 'cause I ain't agonna say nothin' thet needs trimmin' . . . an' don't be bitter huh?

Speakin' 'bout honeymoons reminds me 'bout thet there time I told this here convicted fella thet me an' brandin' annie spent our honeymoon in Honolulu. An' ya know what? Right off thet there fella asks me if I got a lei. Can you 'magin' thet? Me an' my ol' gal in Honolulu — on our honeymoon thing yet — an' he asks if I got a lei!! Oh well, I guess theres one in every jail, eh? Now where wuz I? Oh yeh! I wuz on holidays an' I want to appologize to all my fateful readers fer not givin' them no warnin' notice thet I wuz gonna be missin' from thet there issue. I hope they aint mad at me fer makin' them finger thru the book so many times alookin' fer my letter to you which weren't there. Okay? Okay.

Come to thinkin' 'bout it I aint had much warnin' notice meself. This conduct thing of mine goes haywire all of a sudden an' as fast as I could holler, "Oh Justice!" I wuz in the hole. There aint no more to it. Bein' in the hole here is the same as bein' in the hole outside, only it's different. You know what I mean? Outside you got a budget thing an' as long as you're spendin' careful everythin' go's okay. Get careless an' bingo you're in death . . . you're in the hole jest like I wuz . . . only it's different 'cause you aint in a five by nine with nothin' but Scotch-stake an' Bred. An' thet theres the hole porridge man, thets the hole porridge.

But, Oh Justice! let me tell ya somethin' Mr. Editor, Okay? Okay. When I wuz on the street I threw away my budget thing 'cause it wuz hinderin' my drinkin'. Thet put me in death with the bill-men. To get me out of thet death I started makin' withdrawalls from Tailor Safes, an' thet put me in death with thet society thing. To get me out of thet death the judge sent me here. Here, my conduct thing go's haywire an' thet puts me in death with the joint. To get me out of thet death they puts me in the hole. An' ya know what? I'm gonna ask ya somethin'. Okay? Okay. Jest how gawsh awful darn far in death can one cowboy go befor they gives him a box an' throws the dirt over him, huh? Oh well, I alwuz did believe in startin' at the bottom. An' Oh Justice! every good lookin' flower needs a little water once in a while. Right? Right.

See you around pardner, Slipshod Sam

Glancing through

the Penal Press

New Era

Fiorello H. La Guardia once urged the police to distinguish between Juvenile Delinquency and boyish pranks. He said that when he was a boy, he and his friends would walk along the streets until they spied a horse hitched to a post. We'd unhitch the horse, ride him around town, and then return him, the mayor said.

"Are you trying to tell us that the mayor of New York was once a horse thief?" one of the policemen said.

"No," said La Guardia, "I'm telling you that he was once a boy."

Paahao Press

The gate between Heaven and Hell had broken down. St. Peter appeared at the break and called to the Devil. "Hey, it's your turn to fix the gate. Remember our agreement?" "Sorry," said Satan, "my men are too busy." "Well then," growled Peter, "I'll have to sue you." "Oh yeah?" laughed the Devil, "Where are you going to get a lawyer?"

The Beacon

Inmates who receive refusals from the Parole Board should be told why they are being refused so they may attempt to rectify their shortcomings and possibly make a parole at a later date.

Collins Bay Diamond

A pessimist is one who feels bad when he feels good for fear he'll feel worse when he gets better

Presidio

A Tulsa World paperboy who delivers to the police station found a note from his boss telling him to put the chief's paper under the office door, "To keep detectives from stealing it."

An interesting remark — though of little penological significance goes: "If women were grass, men would be grasshoppers."





Happy Medium

advantage of the blind,

Partly because of the insidious quality of radio, TV, and modern music, we have become inured to the more esthetic sensations of sound. A blind person, oppositely, is hypersensitive; due to the natural compensation of one bodily function for the loss of another. It is, therefore, not unreasonable to assume that the blind may take great pleasure in listening, always provided that what they hear is in good taste. Carrying this syllogism to its natural conclusion, in the case of the blind, literature should be presented in audible form.

the prisoner's advantage,

By their lack of sight, the blind suffer the stringent loss of free literary contact with the very world in which they live. Due to our lack of freedom, we wallow in a surfeit of time and literature. Apparently, crime does pay, albeit, in a morbid manner. Almost as if by a natural law, the state of the prisoner seems designed to complement the condition of the blind. What could be more natural than the prisoner utilizing his time and sight to the advantage of the blind,

happy medium,

For some time now, inmates of this penitentiary have been tape-recording the contents of a national magazine (*Macleans*), to the profound appreciation of a blind audience. The prisoners consider it a matter of pride, despite institutional limitations and less than perfect technical facilities, to produce consistently better tapes month after month.

the moral obligation,

When one becomes aware of the potential of a program such as this, it is somewhat frustrating to see it all but abandoned. To use an old saw, the road to hell is paved with good intentions. There can be no question of institutional convenience, or administrative exigency. Having once extended this service, there is a moral obligation to continue and maintain it.

where do we go from here,

Inasmuch as this program is the brainchild of this institution, and it's merit is so patently obvious, there should be no hesitation in expanding and exploiting it to the Nth degree. It would not require an organizational genius to achieve excellent results with such a pregnant conception. And nothing would please us more than being able to report, say one year from now, that this program is an unqualified success.

to be, or not to be . . .

Action is clearly indicated. But let's not begrudgingly keep it alive simply to impress the constituency. There are already too many of these euphemistic showpieces in every prison system. It would not seem unfair to judge the ability and sincerity of the federal prison system administration by its response to this one incident. As a matter of fact, we probably will.

All of this sound and fury might be resolved by the appropriation of a tape-recorder. To paraphrase Milton, *We would also serve who only stand and wait.*

The quality of mercy is not strained, it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath; it is twice blest; it blesseth him that gives and him that takes. 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes the throned monarch better than his crown. His sceptre shows the force of temporal power, the attribute to awe and majesty, wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings; but mercy is above this sceptered sway. It is enthroned in the hearts of kings; it is an attribute to God himself and earthly power doth then show likest God's when mercy seasons justice. Therefore, though justice be thy plea, consider this, that, in the course of justice, none of us should see salvation.

S.M.P. FOOTBALL '60

"Rocky" Danton



With the playoffs in sight and all four clubs in the Mountain League scrambling for dear life to nail down a playoff spot before the schedule peters out, football interest is at fever pitch.

The league-leading Longhorns, battling doggedly to hang on to their first place perch atop the league standings in order to gain that all-important *bye* into the finals, still boast a narrow lead. But right on their heels and battling tooth & nail to dislodge them from that lofty pedestal is a determined Penguin crew with a "first-place glint in their eye".

Joe Hayden, on the other hand, isn't letting any grass grow under his third place Bucs squad either. The Buckeye mentor seems determined to grab off that final playoff berth and is pulling out all stops to gain that end.

Cobras, who possess top-flight personnel but seem to be lacking in that one big ingredient (cohesion among players) are struggling valiantly to climb back into contention but time is rapidly running out on them. It may be too late.

Following is a rundown of games to date:

Sept. 17 **BUCKEYES 43 COBRAS 6**

Buckeyes, after dropping a squeaker in their opener, exploded with a vengeance against the tail-end Cobras and literally annihilated the sagging Snakes with a resounding 43-6 bombing.

Joltin' Joe Hayden, borrowing a page from Tobin Rote, unlimbered his passing arm in typical pro fashion in this one; and for 60 action-packed minutes, rifled, shovelled, pitched & floated passes all over the gridiron. When the debris had cleared and the score tabulated, Joltin' Joe's passing wizardry had accounted for no less than *6 big touchdowns*. And that, brother, is par on any man's course.

Tom Girdle was the recipient of 3 Hayden aerials and played a standout game for the bombing Bucs. **Jimmy Munroe**, who picked off 2 more also performed well as did the prince, **Vince**, who along with **Barker** contributed a solo to the barrage.

For the defanged Cobras, **Desrosiers** supplied the lone "bite".

Sept. 18 **BUCKEYES 8 PENGUINS 0**

In a low scoring contest that featured some fine defensive play by both clubs, a battling Buckeye squad managed to push across a touchdown late in the 4th quarter to turn back a stubborn Bird brigade 8-0.

It was the second consecutive win for **Joe Hayden's** charges and the victory lifted the Bucs into a first place tie with the idle Longhorns.

With five minutes gone in the final quarter, a short bullet to **Girdle** clicked in the Penguin end zone to account for the games only major.

Hayden added two points with a couple of booming singles.

Sept. 18 **LONGHORNS 18 PENGUINS 6**

A three-touchdown outburst by **Stormin' Norm Nelson** high-lighted an 18 to 6 drubbing that saw a battling Bovine squad run roughshod over a scrappy, but disorganized Penguin crew.

It was the Longhorns third straight victory of the campaign and vaulted the high-flying Dogies into sole possession of first place. Two points ahead of the rejuvenated Bucs.

Nelson, a fast, glue-fingered back and the *big cog* in **Jerry Huppie's** potent Longhorn machine, was a standout for the victors. His three touchdowns accounted for *all* of his teams points and vaulted him to the top spot in the scoring derby.

Meccas, coach of the beaten Birds, counted the lone Penguin major.

Sept. 24 **COBRAS 18 PENGUINS 14**

Sparked by the superb running of Cobra back, **Johnny Popowich**, a revamped Reptile squad posted their initial win of the campaign by shading a spunky Penguin crew 18-14 in a battle of tail-enders.

Popowich, who exploded for two big touchdowns in the game and passed for a third, electrified the local football fraternity with a dazzling 100 yard gallop of a kick-off return that saw him *sweep through an entire Penguin team to score*.

The brilliant run seemed to inject new life into the stumbling Cobras and they never looked back. **Joyal** racked up the other Snake major.

For the Bird-brigade, it was **Knobby & Keagle** showing the way with a TD apiece. Playing coach, **Meccas**, contributed two singles.

Sept. 25 **LONGHORNS 30 BUCKEYES 14**

Running their unbeaten string to *four* by virtue of a 30-14 pounding administered over a second place Buckeye crew, the league leading Longhorns opened up a commanding lead in the point standings.

The stampeding Steers now boast a four point bulge atop the heap—a two game margin that establishes them as solid favorites to cop the coveted *bye* into the league finals.

Once again, it was big **Norm Nelson** spearheading the attack for the victors. The Bovine Belter added 2 TD's to his already impressive string and played his usual steady game. The other Dogie majors were racked up by **Cummings, Wolfe & playing coach, Jerry Huppie**.

On the Buckeye side of the ledger, it was **Hayden** supplying the bombs. The Buckeye mentor chalked up 13 of his teams points and toiled brilliantly in a losing cause.

Sept. 25 **BUCKEYES 19 COBRAS 6**

The Buckeyes, firmly entrenched in second place and seemingly in no mood to relinquish the spot, administered a 19-6 shellacking to the hapless Cobras and the victory, their third of the season, enabled the Bucs to close up a bit of real estate on the front-running Longhorns.

The loss was the 4th of the campaign for the Reptile unit and buried them deeper into the league basement.

Vince Marrese was the big gun for the victors. The Buckeye Basher was a going concern and chalked up two TD's in the fray. **Munroe** counted a solo while **Cliff Horsfall** chipped in with a convert.

Desrosiers, new playing coach of the Snakes, tallied the lone Cobra major.

Oct. 1 **PENGUINS 25 COBRAS 15**

Penguins, taking full advantage of an erratic Cobra aerial attack that netted them 4 touchdowns via the interception route, turned back a cellar-dwelling Reptile unit 25-15 to take over sole possession of third place in league standings.

The Birds, playing heads up football for the full 60 minutes excelled in the role of opportunists. Penguin backs snared no less than 13 stray passes off Cobra pivots and the interceptions proved costly indeed to the lowly Snakes. All Penguin TD's came as a direct result of interceptions and accounted for *all* but two points of the Birds scoring.

Penguin majors were racked up by **Keagle, Paquin, Trobec**, & playing coach **Meccas**. Steady **Eddie Hashka** picked up a rouge.

For the Reptiles, **Joyal & Desrosiers** clicked.

Oct. 2 **PENGUINS 18 LONGHORNS 6**

Led by the pin-point passing of quarterback **Joe Meccas**, an aroused Penguin squad routed the league leaders 18-6 to post the season's first major upset.

The victory, their 3rd of the campaign, earned the battling Birds a well deserved share of second place; and put the scissors to the proud Dogie unbeaten skien.

Penguins showed little regard for the power-laden Bovines and had little trouble in ripping gaping holes in the usually sound Dogie defense.

Meccas threw pay-off strikes to **Cooper & Paquin** in the first half then added another in the second on a short pitch to **G. Mitchell** who romped over from the five.

Vern Umphreys prevented a goose-egg for the Longhorns by cashing in on a **Huppie** aerial late in the last quarter.

Oct. 2 **LONGHORNS 25 BUCKEYES 24**

Some last minute heroics by pivot **Al Cummings** enabled the league leading Longhorns to eke out a dramatic 25-24 victory over a spirited Buckeye crew to maintain their strangle-hold on first place.

Cummings—ala Gordie Rowland—broke up a 24-24 deadlock with a sensational *last play single* on a bullseye kick to the deadline.

The dramatic play culminated a 4th quarter onslaught by the battling Bovines that wiped out an 18 point deficit and provided the Longhorns with a little more breathing space atop the league standings.

For the Longhorns, it was again **Nelson** paving the way; racking up 3 big TD's on Cummings' aerials. Playing coach **Jerry Huppie** accounted for the other with a dazzling 80-yard run after intercepting a stray Buckeye pass.

Hayden led his club with a pair while **Barker & Watcher** chipped in with one apiece.

Oct. 8 Penguins 32 Buckeyes 6

	P	W	L	F	A	Pts
Longhorns	7	6	1	161	87	12

Oct. 9 Longhorns 40 Cobras 19

Penguins	8	4	4	114	98	8
Buckeyes	7	3	4	129	117	6

Oct. 9 Cobras 12 Penguins 0

Cobras	8	2	6	82	184	4
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. . . The Return . . .

They turned him loose; he bowed his head,
A felon, bent and grey.
His face was even as the Dead,
He had no word to say.

He sought the home of his old love,
To look on her once more;
And where her roses breathed above,
He cowered beside the door.

She sat there in the shining room;
Her hair was silver gray.
He stared and stared from out the gloom;
He turned to go away.

Her roses rustled overhead.
She saw, with sudden start.
"I knew that you would come," she said,
And held him to her heart.

Her face was rapt and angel-sweet;
She touched his hair of grey;
But he, sob-shaken, at her feet,
Could only pray and pray.

— *Robert Service*



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